

681.c.26.

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THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL:

A SATIRICAL POEM.

WITH NOTES.

PART THE FIRST.

SECOND EDITION OF THE FIRST PART.

[PRICE 1s. 6d.]

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THE

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PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

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WHAT YOU WILL.

A

SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

WITH NOTES.

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis;
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure.

PERS. SAT. I.

PART THE FIRST.

SECOND EDITION *of The First Part,*
WITH A FEW ALTERATIONS.

LONDON:

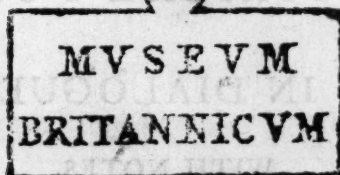
PRINTED FOR J. OWEN, NO. 168, PICCADILLY.

1796.

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WHAT YOU WILL

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader, if he will but read this Poem *twice*, is recommended to pass over *all the notes* on the *first* perusal, except when they are absolutely necessary to understand the passages which they are intended to illustrate. I give this hint, as it will be found of very singular use in perusing all works of importance, from the well noted pages of Mr. Gibbon's History, to my Poem. However, I shall never blush for any of my notes, though perhaps Mr. Gibbon has blushed for many of his; at least I sincerely hope so.

In regard to the matters which are considered in the following composition, I recommend to all men of ingenuity a passage from a collection of the most pleasing and informing treatises in natural philosophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Llandaff's Chemical Essays, vol. iv. p. 257. It is this; " Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Bentley met accidentally in London, and on Sir Isaac's inquiring what *philosophical pursuits* were carrying on at Cambridge, the Doctor replied—none—for when you go a hunting, Sir Isaac, you kill all the game; you have left us nothing to pursue."— " Not so, said the philosopher, you may start a variety of game in every bush, if you will but take the trouble to beat
for

“ for it.” And so in truth it is,” (observes Bishop Watson)
 “ every object in nature affords occasion for philosophical
 “ experiment.” All I have to add is, that such a state of soci-
 ety and of literature as the present affords occasion for nu-
 merous *experiments* and observations, without any danger of
 mutual interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of any
 former writer, or of any former poem. My intentions are
 just, and justifiable to reasonable men, who will reflect on
 what has passed and is passing before them. For I have not
 the spirit of Archilochus; for me, the fountain of Helicon
 shall still flow *unstained and gentle*.* But the words which
 are true shall be spoken in the face of the world; nor would
 I publish this Satirical Poem, but from a full conviction of
 its *tendency* to promote the public welfare, in its degree
 and according to its subject, when it is (if it ever should be)
studied and considered with impartiality.

* *Ἀνὰ τὴν ἑλίκων πηγήν.*

Anthol. Epig. in Archilochum.

(2)

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,
OR
WHAT YOU WILL:

A SATIRICAL POEM

IN DIALOGUE.

PART I.*

THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I who once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,

B

Still

* I could wish that the Reader would peruse the whole Poem once in continuation, without referring to the Notes, except where an explanation may be necessary. I beg pardon for repeating what I observed in the Preface; but as there are persons who, not unwisely, pass over a Preface sometimes, such readers will excuse me.

Still to the public raise no venal voice,
Proud of the daring freedom of my choice,
 Through tracts aloft on random pinions rove, 5
Where borne by duty, or where led by love.

awful age.
3^d ed.

Yet not unconscious of this favour'd age,
 I see *new lights* arise, new cares engage ;

Omitted,
3^d ed.

Not dubious, as of old, man's wisdom shines ;
 No RIGHT, but that of GOD o'er man, declines, 10
 Teeming with metaphysics old and new,
 Unheard or untried systems burst to view ;
 Systems which laugh to scorn heav'ns awful rod,
 And hurl defiance to the throne of GOD ;
 Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep, 15
 And grant no pause—but *everlasting sleep ! (b)*
 Blood-guiltiness their crime : with hell they cope :
 No flesh, no spirit now must rest in hope ;
 But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
 The(c)sculptur'd mock'ry marks and seals the tomb.

New

(b) This alludes to the French decree which abolishes, *by law,*
 a futurity of existence. Impiety and absurdity are the natu-
 ral consequences of their principles.

(c) The French have also decreed, that in every church-yard,
 trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to
 the

In all the freedom of spontaneous choice.

Where'er by duty borne, or led by love, *3^d ed.*

I mark what new conflicting systems rage *3^d ed.*

New lights on all, but on the Poet, rise,
 Yet round he casts his unrepining eyes,
 And owns well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest bard,
 Bavius, (d) or Maro, finds *the same* regard;
 Not as Augustus once with partial ray
 Illum'd the rising glories of his day,
 Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
 Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

OCTAVIUS.

Fond, idle, dull complaint: pray what's your view?
Charters, or patents wish you to renew? 30

What charter has a poet to renew. 3d ed. Yet

the tombs; and this sleep they decree to be eternal. N.B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was first published in 1794.—It may be so again, or may be so at this moment, 1796.

(d) The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or an Imitation of the first Satire of Persius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali redam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author professes to be conversant only among the *sheep folds* at present, he threatens a descent upon the nobler and more *reluctant animals*. If this be a first production, the poet must proceed with the consciousness of genius: he has the ground-work of all excellence, good sense, and a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. He has divulged his name *imprudently*: such compositions require secrecy for their effect; especially if they are published at an early

Still can he smile, and with no murmuring sighs
Can own well-pleas'd, 3d ed.

Yet ah ! why write at all ? The world's so fickle,
 Scarce is there room for Sheridan (e) and Tickell. (f)
 And though in tone sonorous, blithe or grand,
 The loud *Laurentian* (g) trumpet through the land
 Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Rose, and Rolle,
 With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian (h) soul ;
 The

period of life, and still more if the poet commences his career with satire. Mr. Pope suffered what he called *pure description*, to hold the place of sense for a long time before he took his proper station. The author of *The Baviad* has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands. The *Albums*, the *Laura-Marias*, the *Ferninghams*, *Antony Pasquins*, *Mary Robinsons*, *Piozzis* and *Bozzis*'s ; the *Phillidas*, *Hypsiphilas*, *vatum et plorabile si quid*. Unfortunately there are too many left.

(e) I am sorry to say of this extraordinary man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. " *Unus sceptris hotitus, eâdem aliis sopitu' quiete est,*" Why is it so ? Politics are transitory ; wit is eternal.

(f) Since this was written, the public has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day ; happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it, —I name with pleasure *Anticipation*, the *Wreath of Fashion*, &c. &c. &c.

(g) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political compositions of the *Rolliad* and the *Probationary Odes*, by Dr. Lawrence and company.

(h) I am sorry to perceive too much of the *contemptor dicûm* in these compositions ; and a little of it, as Mr. Burke says, on another occasion, is a great deal too much.

A the friend of Dr. Lawrence
 st ed.

The DOCTOR may for Fox and Portland vouch,
With spectacles on nose, (i) but empty pouch.
 Why must you seek this sad Cumæan shore ?
 Or why to genius give one victim more ? 40

AUTHOR.

give me - 'Tis SUMMER :—all conspire to waste my time ;
ed. Languor, and heat, and solitude, and rhyme,
nd cere With all that drops scarce heeded from the press,
ed. Where witlings strive to make their little less ;
mitted. And they, whom fame and science stamp their own,
 Or quit the field of life, or listless grown,
 (k) Review their trophies with an idle pride,
 Sick of the dunces rising by their side.

B 3

If

(i) Shakespeare says, "*With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side.*" I am contented simply to admire Doctor Lawrence's spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify *his pouch*: though he best knows what mines may be sprung in the neighbourhood of Bulstrode and Beaconsfield. *I know not for whom Dr. Lawrence was with it.* *omitted, 3^d*
I am certain I will not reach for the Doctor. 3^d Ed.

(k) I allude to such publications as, "*Prose on several Occasions, accompanied by some pieces in Verse. By George Colman, (Senior.)*" I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom in men of great abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own*. Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in that light.

*Now while each seizes, to fame and science known,
 Or leaves the field of life, or listless grown,
 Reviews his trophies, &c. 3^d ed.*

If I *may* write, let Proteus (1) PRIESTLEY tell,
 He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well ; 50
 Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees,
 Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.
 May not I strive amid this motley throng,
 All pale and pensive as I muse along ?

OCTAVIUS.

138. { 'Tis true you may : but o'er this ocean wide
 Ah ! where's the chart your daring prow to guide ?

Say

(1) *Proteus Priestley*.—There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namesake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded, *Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta* ; now our Proteus gives *precept upon precept, line upon line ; here a little and there a little* ; and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the public, *without any compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanic question, "*Utrum Chimæra bombilians in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones.*" But I shall leave the Doctor to the care of Bishop Horsley.*

* As to Dr. Priestley's *King-killing* wishes and opinions take a few words : " IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of things was such, that THE SENTENCE (of DEATH on Charles the First) could not be passed by the WHOLE NATION OF THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, solemnly ASSEMBLED for that purpose." *Priestley on Government*, p. 39. How must this Reverend Deputy elect to the National Convention of France have *exulted* on the 21st of Jan. 1793!!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove*.—The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley's character and opinions, and expressed himself strongly on that subject. No man of discernment can see their *direct tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear or horror!

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's (*m*) lyre?

Go

(*m*) *Pindar's lyre*.—In this verse I speak of the great *Theban*, but there is an obscure person, stiling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour; but it is exhausted by a repetition of the *same* manner, and nearly the *same* ideas, even to disgust; he has the power of rhyming ludicrously and is sometimes even gifted with poetry; and, finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. This obscure man has contrived, by these qualifications, to thrust himself upon the public notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, such the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence, and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgment *from his works*, and not from acquaintance with the man. Yet I hear that he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit, because, forsooth, he has told us, in some trumpery ode, of the necessity of a *king* or a *log*, or a *nail*; after he has perpetually reviled, and held up to scorn, every master principle by which government and society are maintained. I will not waste a verse on such a character; but say, honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile and sometimes be pleased with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart, that *from the consideration of his works*, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the severest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum

Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto

Demersus, summa rursum non bullit in unda.

N.B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*; but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO, or TWO GUINEAS in *four volumes* 8vo.!!!--What an inducement to a purchaser!

Go then, and view, since clos'd his cloister'd day,
The self-supported melancholy GRAY : (u) 60

What though he scann'd great Nature's ample store,
And cull'd each flow'r that bloom'd on Tiber's shore,
Unfoster'd pass'd his life's long wayward spring;
No genial warmth, no ray from Britain's King :

Each pamper'd abbot, cast a side-long glance, 65
And Levite gowmsmen hugg'd their ignorance.

With his high spirit strove the master-bard,
And was his own *exceeding great reward* ; (o)
Saw year o'er year in hopeless study pass,

'Till, some few grains yet ling'ring in his glass, 70
He rose late-heeded by patrician care, (p)
Though private friendship help'd him to the chair.

Saw you not MASON stand with down-cast eye,
While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by ?
'Till

(u) This character of Mr. GRAY is drawn from the consideration of his *Memoirs* and *Letters*, published by Mr. MASON.

(o) " I am thy exceeding great reward."

Genesis, chap. xv. ver. 1.

(p) He was appointed *Professor of Modern History* in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of GRAFTON the Chancellor, at the particular recommendation (as was strongly believed) of Mr. STONEHEWER.

*Dark with his morn of life, & bleak like spring,
Without one fostering ray from Britain's King,
Grant's dull abbots cast a side-long glance,
And Levite gowmsmen B^h 3^d ed.
Years without hope in toady courses pass, 3^d ed.*

'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night, 73
 He starts *Macgreggor* (q) with dilated might.

Have you not seen neglected PENROSE (r) bloom,
 Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb ?
 Content a curate's humble path he trod,
 Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God. 85

To worth untitled would your fancy turn ?
 The Muse all friendless wept o'er MICKLE's urn :

MICKLE

(q) See the *Heroic Epistle* to Sir William Chambers, and the *Heroic Postscript* to the Public, by Malcolm Macgreggor, Esq. A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture, and I must own that the *Epistle to Shebbeare*, and the *Dean and the Squire*, attributed to the same author, have diminished my confidence in its probability. But as I had written the lines, they may stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man from whose acknowledged poetry I confess myself to have received much delight. The strains of *Museus* and the *Druid* minstrels have still their charms, and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of *Elfrida*. The *English Garden*, though with some faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste.

(r) See the *Flights of Fancy*, 4to. by Thomas Penrose, Curate of Newbury, Berks. The names of the poems alluded to are, *The Helmets*, *The Carousal of Odin*, and *Madness*.—He published these himself, and no more ; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published by friends, except he directed the publication after his decease.

MICKLE, who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride. (s)

AUTHOR.

Then I must suit

Must I then suit the temper of these times? 85

Degraded now

Degrade the Muse to mere *historic* rhymes?

And last be hail'd

Must I be told in some sagacious page,

The finest brightest

That I'm the finest poet of the age?

3d ed.

And that with grave solemnity so sad,

Faith, 'tis enough to make poor HAYLEY (t) mad.

No: though in vain I may attempt to please,

I'll write with learning what I think with ease.

What?

(s) WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, a man of genius, and great poetical powers. He translated the *Lusiad* of Camoens, in a free paraphrastic manner, but with the spirit of an original poet. I never could account for the neglect of such a work.

(t) Hayley.—Piger scribendi ferre laborem,

Scribendi rectè, nam ut multum nil moror.

A who is a very ingenious man and a pleasing scholar, — 3d ed.

The notes which Mr. Hayley has written on his various poems are very amusing, and not unfrequently afford much instruction. Had he but learned the art of blotting, he might possibly have attained considerable eminence, and preserved it; but as he is in general too feeble and prolix, consequently, &c. &c. See Horace.

Redius, & insufferably prolix, 3d ed.

A who has pronounced an irreversibile sentence on all such persons styling themselves poets, however voluminous their works may be.

What?—from the Muse, by *cryptogamic* (v) stealth,
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth?

Itching for novel subjects, novel dreams, 95

Rouse great LINNÆUS from his sober themes :

In filmy, gawzy, gossamery lines,

With *lucid* language, and most dark designs,

In sweet *tetrandryan*, *monogynian* strains

Pant for a *hystill* in botanic pains ; 100

On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,

On beds of yielding vegetable down,

Raise lust in pinks ; and with unhallow'd fire

Bid the soft virgin violet expire ? (x)

Is

(v) See the *Botanic Garden, and Loves of the Plants*, by Dr. Darwin, of Lichfield. I wish men would peruse the treatise *de Causi Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, before they attempt by *prettinesses*, glittering words, *points*, conceits, and forced thoughts, to sacrifice propriety, and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case, when writers in prose, or verse (if I may be allowed to use *Sancho's* phrase a little metaphorically) “ want *better bread* than is made of wheat.” It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would, in the words of a true poet, “ Look through nature up to—*Nature's God!*” Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy ; but I will not cease to repeat that *good writing* and *good poetry* require something more :

Οὐ γὰρ ἐν μεσοῖσι κεῖται

Δωρα δυσμαχητὰ Μοῦσᾶν

Τῷ πικρυχοῦτι φέρει.

Is it for me to creep, or soar, or doze, 105
On wings of modish song, or feet of modish prose? (y)
 To pen with garreteers obscure and shabby,
 Inscriptive nonsense in a fancied *abbey*; (z)
 Or some *Warkworthian* hermit song endite,
Such ditties rare as ancient girls could write? 110

Or must I tempt some *Novel's* lulling theme,
 Bid the bright eye o'er *Celestina* stream;
 With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
 Such as our Spanish Cato (a) might approve;
 With

(x) I would just hint, that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive, how young ladies are instructed in the terms of botany, which are *very significant*.

(y) *Modish Prose*.—I allude to the poising of sentences, their triads, and other artificial divisions of modern prose, by which the whole simplicity and natural dignity of our English style is abandoned and lost.

(z) Such trash as a pamphlet called *Kilkhampton Abbey, &c. &c.* in short, the whole *mugitus labyrinthi*.

(a) The late venerable *Earl Camden* (once Lord High Chancellor of England) is said to have learned *Spanish* very late in life, to read the romances in that language, having exhausted those written in English, French, and Italian. All the world knows that *Cato* learned *Greek*, at sixty years of age, to read the romances in that tongue.

In modish song, or fashionable prose? 3^d Ed.

Such ditties as our gossip spinsters write? 3^d Ed.

With moving scenes and manners picturesque,
 From morn to night incumbent o'er my desk ;
 'Till nature sicken while she hears me call
 The strange distorted scene, quite *natural*.

In *Travels for the Heart* and not the head,
 From post to pillar, and from board to bed, 120
 Thro' climes of various woe the pilgrim lead
 'Till Walpole raves, and master-misses bleed,
Till Charlotte droops, 3^d ed.

OCTAVIUS.

If these disgust, to serious thoughts attend,
 And make serene Philosophy your friend.
 Pen some choice *Fragment* (*b*) in the genuine taste,
 Each pow'r combin'd of wit and learning waste ;

Smart

(*b*) Alluding to the swarm of free-thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the public has been pestered. It is hoped that the interference of the legislature and the constitutional exertions of private societies have either lessened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, subject to the controul of the legislature after their publication, in the open courts of law by the verdict of a jury, in which *true liberty* consists. Good order and just authority are necessary.

must be maintained with rigour.
 3^d E.

Smart and concise, with deepest meaning fraught,
 Neat be the types, and the vignettes high-wrought :
 With frontispiece to catch the gazer's eye,
 Treason, the pile, the basis, blasphemy : (d) 130
 Free from dull order, decency and rule,
 With dogmas fresh from the *Sans-Souci* school;
 With definitions vague and terms mysterious,
Seeming humility, but tone imperious ;

Mankind's

But he is chiefly to be consulted, who, if I may be allowed to use the language a little metaphorically, who, I say, *hath stood between the dead and the living, and stayed the plague*, EDMUND BURKE ; greater and brighter in the decline than in the noon day of his life and vigour. It would be an injury to name the works whereof all Europe rings ; but to his countrymen they speak with a force not to be resisted.

OMNES

Admonet, et MAGNA testatur VOCE per umbras,
 DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS.

(d) *The basis, blasphemy.* --- This is the progress of modern Republicanism. The dissolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of established government, however just or reasonable, to introduce into practice some *new* theory of general good: so very *general*, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD consult the National Assembly and Convention of France: " Agri, edificia, loca, possessiones (COELUM ET MARE *prætermiserunt, cætera complexi sunt*) publice data, ASSIGNATA, vendita!" Cic. de Leg. Agr. Orat. 3---Mirabeau began with these memorable words: " Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il faut commencer par decatholiciser la France."

*With definitions vague and terms unknown,
 With seeming condour, but imperious tone, &c.*

Mankind's meek friend, and *Nature's* gentle priest,
 Laugh at Confucius, and next aim at CHRIST ; (e)

Then

(e) One of the most extraordinary treatises of this kind, is that intitled, "LES RUINES : ou Méditation sur les Révolutions des Empires par Mr. VOLNEY, Député à l'Assemblée Nationale en 1789." It is written with some spirit, and not without eloquence in some parts, and abounds with what is now called *Philosophy*. The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed *natural*. Mr. V. wishes to convince mankind that every pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally false and equally unfounded ; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philosophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *astronomical* allusions ; and all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he seems to act not without reason, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were so *from the beginning of it*, though we may be surprised when we are assured, that it is a " *Siecle d'Affranchissement pour un grand Peuple, et d'Espérance pour TOUTE LA TERRE!!*" p. 88. The real ignorance of this man on the subject of true religion is as conspicuous as the puny literature which appears to support his strange doctrines and foolish opinions. Upon the subject of what he calls the *Filiation* of religions (for the French must have their new jargon of words in every subject) he says ; " ON RECONNOIT, that is, " We acknowledge without hesitation, " in one word, that all the theological doctrines on the origin of the world, on the nature of " God, on the revelation of his laws, the appearance of his person, are nothing more than recitals of astronomical facts, " and figurative and emblematical stories of the play of " the constellations!!!!" p. 167. I cannot but acknowledge the superstition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world ; but what Mr. Volney would impose for *the truth*, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the systems of idolatry,
 the

Then bending low, with equal reverence search

The storied portico, and sainted church;

Till, wheedling round with metaphysic art,

You I steal Religion from th'unguarded heart, 140

And in the seesaw undulating play

The moral chorus dies in words away.

Till,

the worship of the stars, the two principles or *dualism* (a little more French jargon) the *monde animé*, and the *monde machine*, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Brama: and last comes *Christianity*. The chapter on this subject is the strangest of all, for he declares that Christianity consists in the allegorical worship of the Sun, under the cabalistical names of *Chris-en*, or *Yes-us* or *Jesus*!!!! “*Christianisme ou culte allegorique du Soleil, sous les noms cabalistiques de Chris-en ou Yes-us ou Jesus!*” And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our *prejudices*! Read any one of the four Evangelists, and give your own answer. The impudence of Mr. Volney is at least equal to any other power he possesses; for he requires of his reader *only* the surrender of his common sense, and common understanding, and the common principles of *any* knowledge: yet he demands the admission of *all* his allegories and mystical meanings, (of which, in the true French stile, *il n'y a point de doute*) and then the world is emancipated and delivered. From what?—from credulity and superstition. Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney observes the *priests murmur*. I think the laity will at least do as much, at the words of this apostle of nonsense, blasphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* prostrate, civil, moral, and mental. This is but a *specimen* of such writers to whom we are to bow as the *deliverers* of mankind from *superstition*, and the directors of our minds in the ways of *truth*. *Professing themselves wise they are become fools!*—Volney's book has been translated for the good of England!

Thence careless saunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,
 Tune to your listless lyre some *Crazy Tale*; (f)
 Dash for applause, nor seek a poet's name, 145
 Content with scribbling, and ambiguous fame,
 From laws of metre free, (which idly serve
 To curb strong genius and his swelling nerve:) *ifs*

And as you dress the motley-rhyming feast,
 (Then most affected when it seems the least) 150
 In verse half veil'd raise titillating lust,
 Like girls that deck with flow'rs Priapus' bust. (g)

C Go

(f) See *Crazy Tales*, &c. and the whole school of La Fontaine.

(g) See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN's elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the subject is purely classical.*

* A friend of mine would *insist* upon my perusing a long disquisition in 4to, on the WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, (in 1786) with numerous and most disgusting plates. It has not been published, but distributed liberally, without any injunction of secrecy, to the *emeriti* in speculative Priapism, as one would think. As I hope the treatise may be forgotten, I shall not name the author, but observe, that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures and all the representations of the generative organs, in their most odious and degrading protrusion, have been raked together and *copulated* (for no other idea seems to be in the mind of the author) and *copulated* I say, with a new species of blasphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the stews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries, and the obscene revellings of Greek scholars in their private studies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in lust and darkness with the monster Tiberius in the loathsome and polluted chamber at Capreae.—*Essays on Landscape* may, I hope, purify the mind: and as the author is conversant with Greek writers, and is now at a certain time of life, I recommend to him a sentence from an author, who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr. ——— would be thought a philosopher: Σοφία πρῶτον ἀγνῆ ἐστίν, ἔπειτα εἰσηνίκη.

Go, turn to MADAN, and in gospel truth,
 And *Thelyphthoric* (*h*) lore, instruct our youth :
 Some plain positions lay, as simply thus ;
 Marriage (*i*) consists in—*actu cōitus* :
 Laymen may have ten wives ; poor priests but one :
 Then growl at British laws in surly tone,
 That “ loving man must grind with loving wife
 In *mold asinarii* during life.” 160

Or THICKNESS-like, (*k*) give useful *Hints for Health*,
 For public good, though not for private wealth ;

Like

(*h*) See a book intitled *Thelyphthora*, or *The Causes of Female
 Ruin* ; in 3 vols. Svo.

(*i*) These expressions, and some that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itself ; and yet there are persons who think that such treatises should be answered seriously.

N.B. If in this, and in a very few other places, I have been obliged to introduce expressions *rather strong*, I beg pardon, which will be granted by readers who reflect : for it is impossible to give an effectual exposure of the unwarrantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning : “ The ancient satirists often used great liberty in their expressions ; but their freedom no more resembles *this* licentiousness, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute.” HUME’s *Hist. of Eng.* vol. viii. p. 334. (*Si sic omnia* !)

(*k*) Mr. THICKNESS, in his *Valetudinarian’s Bath Guide*, dedicated to the Earl of SHELBURNE, now Marquis of LANSDOWNE,

omitted
B 484.

omitted
B 484.

A Or for
with
Then
And
Or b

Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death, O
 Inhale in virgin arms ambrosial breath. N

AUTHOR.

165
 The fates forbid.

OCTAVIUS.

If so, with SHERLOCK (l) write,
 (Martin he is, why not Scriblerus hight ?)

And with majestic Popes in long array
 Epigrammatic (m) Cardinals display.

C 2

Or

DOWNE, has these words: "I myself am now turned of sixty, and in
 "general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely in
 "body and mind; yet having always partaken of the breath of young
 "women whenever they lay in my way, I feel none of those infirmi-
 "ties which so often strike my eyes and ears in this great city,
 "in men much younger than myself." Chap. v. to which
 Mr. T. has put his own name, and he is rather a voluminous
 author. But, alas! what says a witty Italian:—*Bella femina
 che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piangé.*

(l) Travels by Martin Sherlock.

166
 (m) The reader may not immediately guess what is meant by
 an epigrammatic Cardinal.—Take this great author's words:
 "Of all the sovereigns whom I have seen, the Pope acts majesty
 "the best: the Cardinals are like MARTIAL's Epigrams; (and
 "why? Because—) some are good, some bad, and some indiffe-
 "rent." Trav. Part I. Ed. 4to. p. 32.

1 Or from the Alps extend to Norway's rocks,
 With Switzer-Ruffian Karstschakian Loos,
 Then turn full-Fraught from bleak Siberian shore,
 And leave as just as knowing as before. 329d!
 Or bound with Barrington & Co

Or bound with BARRINGTON in charming spell,
Of Irish (o) trouts with gizzard-stomachs tell;
While

(o) This alludes to a very ingenious account transmitted to the Royal Society, in the year 1774, of a strange fish called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with the gizzard-like stomach. "The first time," (says the Honourable Mr. BARRINGTON) I ever happened "to hear of this singular fish, was from an *Irish Judge*, who "being on the Connaught Circuit, at *Ballynrobe*, in the County "Mayo, expressed his incredulity with regard to their existence; "but was obliged to pay the common *Irish wage* of a rump of beef, "and a dozen of claret, on three or four being produced the next "day from a neighbouring lake." The Honourable and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that these gizzard stomachs are often served up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. swallows with as much ease as it would the trout itself); but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, he adds, "I could corroborate this fact, were it "necessary, by the testimony of an *Irish Archbishop*." From an *Irish Archbishop*, by an easy transition, Mr. Barrington introduces an *English Fishmonger*, and declares with great solemnity, "I have "shewn the stomach to Mr. EVERETT of *Clare Market*, a very intelligent fishmonger, who declares, that though he has cut up thousands of trouts and salmons, he never observed any thing similar in the inside!" See (what are called) *PHILOSOPHICAL Transactions*, 1774, page 116. *Euge, bene, recte*. I cannot help saying to Mr. B. on this occasion,

Propera stomachum laxare saginis,
Et tua servatum consume in sæcula rhombum.

Juv. S. iv. v. 67.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, even from *Ballynrobe* to *Clare-market*; then come, in long array, *incredulous Irish judges*, and *rumps of beef*, with *dozens of claret*, not tempered, I would swear, with water from any trout stream. Next appear *Irish Archbishops*, and INTELLIGENT
English

While o'er the bulk of these *transacted* deeds
 Prim BLAGDEN pants, and damns (*p*)'em as he reads.

AUTHOR.

Trouts, wives, and mistresses?—fish, flesh, and fowl:

Who for variety abroad shall prowl? 175

Yet hear me once, my questions soon shall end:

Few men to sense, but most to nonsense, tend.

Must I, like CHATTERTON, (*q*) that varlet bright, (*r*)

Rouse some new ROWLEY (*s*) from a steeple's height;

Th'ex-

English-Fishmongers, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbishop) and all this waste of *beautiful language*, and *deep research*, to convince the R. S. of the existence of *gizzard-stomach'd trouts*. Yet this R. S. not only receives all this nonsensical ichthyological farrago, but *selects* it for publication by THEIR COUNCIL. Of Mr. Barrington's talents and erudition I could speak with pleasure; but when such a learned man will write, and a Royal Philosophical Society will publish such stuff, for the edification of Europe, I have *selected* this (from myriads of late similar pieces of stuff) for public notice, that men of real abilities (as I acknowledge Mr. B. most readily) may be rendered cautious how they *commit* themselves and the societies to which they belong. The R. S. has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my best wishes, and *therefore* I have written this note.

(*p*) It is by no means intimated that DOCTOR (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES Blagden (the Secretary to the R. S.) is given to profane swearing when he is tired on such occasions, but such works damn themselves. It cannot be otherwise till the Council

*Hear me yet once: (Oh might these labours end, will
 And the peace and privacy descend!) 3rd*

Omitted
3^d Ed.

Th' existence then of non-existence prove, 180
And make some think me mad, or else in love?

Like HARDWICKE, (t) shelves with gossip volumes
Of *Baby Charles*, and *Jemmy's slave and dog*: [clog,

Of
will exert some discrimination, and refuse to shelter themselves
under their foolish declaration of not answering, as a *body*,
for the works they publish. Every society must be answerable
for its own *sense or nonsense*, as a *BODY*, unless they chuse
to inscribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room,
"CORPUS SINE PECTORE!"

(q) I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his
life in the *New Biographia Britannica*, though I cannot com-
pliment Dr. Gregory on such a meagre performance. They
who have time, may read Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Bryant, Dr.
Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and
of minor critics (*of single and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan
would say,) on this *important* subject: but I have read
something about *vite summa brevis*, &c. &c. and confine my-
self to the *general view* of this controversy in Mr. Mathias's
candid and comprehensive Essay.

(r) "I am the *veriest varlet* that e'er *chew'd*;" says Falstaff
in *Henry IV. Part I. Act 2.*—Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now
Lord Orford, did not, however, seem to think it necessary that
this *varlet* CHATTERTON should *chew at all*. See the *Starvation*
Act, dated at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's *Life* as
above, &c.

(s) As to this strange subject, the worst that can be said of
it is, *magno conatu magnas nugas*, but they are trifles rather plea-
sant. I am sure Dr. Milles *proved a pleasant subject* for that
chef-d'œuvre the *Archæological Epistle*.

(t) See *Miscellaneous State Papers*, published in 1773, by the
late

Of Lorkin's (v) diligence 'bout lords' arrears,
 With trumpery notes of long-forgotten peers? 185

Shall I new anecdotes from darkness draw,
 Which e'en all-seeing HORACE (n) never saw;

limited { Prefix some painting or antique vignette,
 To please old BOYDELL's fond subscribing set,
 With wire-wove (x) hot press'd paper's glossy glare

Blind all the wise, and make the stupid stare.

*And with some painting or antique vignette
 Infringe old Boydell's fond subscribing set.* Or

late LORD HARDWICKE, in 2 vols. 4to. Letters from *Baby*
 Charles's dear Dad and Gossip, James the First, and his *slave*
 and dog, Steenie Buckingham, &c. &c.

(v) "Mr. LORKIN doth use *miraculous diligence* about your
 "Lordships' arrears." *State Papers*, vol. 1. p. 631. N. B. It
 often requires *miraculous diligence*, even in these days, to get at
one's arrears. See the Lords of the Treasury if you can get a
 sight of them. I never could.

(n) The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford.

(x) All books of all kinds are now advertised to be printed
 on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*, with *cuts*, down to the
Philosophical Transactions; (the uniformity of which work is
 destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a society) and Major
 RENNELL's learned Memoir on Hindostan; as if the intention
 were, that they should be looked at and not read. As to the
 fury for *prints and cuts*, even *Blackstone's Commentaries* are now
 published in numbers, by a *six-penny professor* of law, adorned
 with *pretty cuts*; and I hear that the *Six-penny Professor*, Mr.
 Christian, has promised a fine *whole length* of a *Nisi Prius*,
 and a *rich view* of a Chancery suit in *perspective*, by Bar-
 tolozzi, who will either engrave them *himself*, or lend his name,
 which is now the same thing with some artists, at least the public

That Strawberry Hill never saw. 36 think
with wire-wove hot pressed papers &c.

Or must I as a wit with learned air,
 Like Doctor Dewlap, (y) to Tom Payne's (z) repair;
 Meet Cyril Jackson, (a) and mild Cracherode; (b)
 'Mid literary gods, myself a god: 195

There

think so. As to these *wire-weavers* or *drawers of paper* and *hot-pressers*, must we say to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius, "*Quousque frustra pascetis ignigenos istos?*" Surely this foolery must soon cease.

I wish every author who prints and publishes *his own works*, on a *wire-wove* paper and *hot-pressed*, would imitate the honesty of Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar star, who says, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his *wonderful book on Oriental Gardening*; "It contains (says the knight) *besides* "a great deal of nonsense, two very pretty prints by Bartolozzi." *Europ. Mag.* for Sept. 1793.—While this note was printing, I was informed that COKE UPON LYTTLETON, with Hargrave's notes, is advertising to be published on a *wire-wove paper*, and *hot-pressed*. This folly, by such a proceeding, must surely sign its own death-warrant. I wish, to be sure, some of our *Statutes at Large* could be a little *wire-drawn* and *hot-pressed* by a Committee of *Parliamentary Printers and Compositors*. I dare say, Lord Stanhope would *correct the press* with much pleasure.

(y) Put for any portly Divine, *né pour la digestion*, as Bruyere would say. The reader will supply one to his fancy.

(z) Not that detestable fellow whom we all execrate, and who is now *with or without a head* in France, I hope in the *fashion of that country* (in 1794)—but one of the best and honestest men living, Mr. Thomas Payne Senior, to whom, as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations. I mention this with *Trypho Emeritus* with great satisfaction.

(a) The present Dean of Christ-church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning in our University, "*as the Dear Lord* to talk. O.E.

(b) A rich, learned, and most amiable man (to use the words of the

There make folks wonder at th' extent of gen^{ius}
 In the Greek Aldus, or the Dutch Frobenius ;
 And for th' edification of their souls,
 Quote *plesaunt* sayings from *The Shippe of Foles*.
 Hold ! cries Tom Payne, that *margin* let me measure,
 And rate the separate value of each treasure :—
 Eager they gaze—" Well Sirs, the feat is done ;
 " Cracherode's *Poëtæ Principes* (c) have won :"
 In silent exultation down he sits,
 'Mong well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn-Wordian wits.
 Or shall I thence by mock-appointment stop,
 And joke with Bryant at his Elmsly's shop ;
 And hear it whisper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
 'Twas *Doctor DEWLAP* spoke to *Mister BRYANT*. (d)

OCTAVIUS.

How just was he, who in this sapient age, 210
 When learning's varied cares the mind engage,

Stood

the son of Sirach) furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation. His library is allowed to be the choicest in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country.

(c) The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets. All literary men, from the little *Bibliopolish* Doctor G. well known at sales, to the humblest collector, understand this farce of *margin*-measuring, and the profit of it.

(d) When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a sufficient eulogy. See more in the *Second Part* of this poem.

Stood up self-taught, and in mankind's defence
 Pray'd for Professors of plain common sense.
 But say, what think you of the tragic Stage?

AUTHOR.

No—you'll excuse me there, I know this age. 215

Om 1/42 What? like some dismal garretteering bard,
Make full-stuff, friend-cramm'd houses my reward;
 Hot from the French *(b)* Aristotelian school,
 Plan tragedies exact by line and rule;
 To the high gods address my first appeal, 220
 Then bid the press my hidden worth reveal;
 While round my temples many a tendril plays
 Of owlish ivy with the Mæbian bays;
And close Close up in mournful pomp the tragic rear,
Though When Jephson *(c)* scarce can gain the public ear. 225

OCTAVIUS.

Still there are walks which lead to sure renown,
 In the lay-habit or the sacred gown;
 Still

(b) There are some deep critics who read Aristotle in French,
 and quote him in Greek.

(c) Jephson:—Author of *Braganza*, *The Count of Narbonne*,
 &c. My wish is,

Grande munus

Cecropio REPETAT cothurno.—But no more dull Roman
 Portraits.

*What? from the French Aristotelian school,
 Must I plan Tragedies by line and rule; 3d Ed.*

Will stamp your credit at an easy price,

Learn'd and ingenious, (d) or a *Vir Clariss*:

Take *Markham's Armorie*, (e) John Taylor's *Sculler*, (f)

Or *Sir Giles Goosecap*, (g) or proverbial *Fuller*;

With

(d) Any person who communicates even a single note to the modern editors of Shakespeare, is stiled the *learned* and *ingenious* Mr. two stars **: the title of *Vir Clarissimus* is appropriated to the commentators on the Greek and Roman classics, and often with the same propriety.

(e) The names of some few books of that vast system of *cog-lionerie*, or *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, which is called forth to illustrate our old dramatic writers. It is high time that the reader of sense should see what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOUROUS CRITICS." The first chapter of *Markham's Booke of Armorie* is intituled, "The Difference between Charles and Gentleman;" and it ends thus: "From the offspring of *Gentlemanly Japhet* came Abraham, "Moses, Aaron, and the Prophets, &c. &c.; also the King of "the right line of *Mary*, of whom that only *absolute Gentleman* "Jesus was born, gentleman by his mother *Mary Princeffe* of "coat-armour, &c."---Reader, Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer will tell you *all this is so*, and QUOTED too, Hen.V.vol. ix. p. 441, edit. 1793; though you may begin with a staring doubt.

(f) John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler* "To the whole Kennel of Antichrist's Hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, and Jesuits, "Mastiffs, Mongrels, Islands, and Bloodhounds, Bob-tail'd "Tykes, &c. &c. &c.

(g) Old plays intituled, "Sir Giles Goosecap, Pierce Pennyless's "Supplication to the Devil, Webster's *White Devil*, *The Merry* "Devil

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of *Gibbe our cat*, (*h*) white *Devils*, or old *Vice*;
Then

"*Devil of Edmonton, &c. &c. &c.*; in short, *toute la diablerie dramatique.*"

(*h*) Of *Gibbe our Cat*.---Falstaff says, "I am as melancholy as a **GIBBE-CAT**." H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. sc. 2. On this the Commentators are right pleasant. Dr. Johnson begins, "A *Gibbe* cat means, *I know not why*, an old cat." Dr. Percy informs us next, that a *Gib*-cat in Northamptonshire, means a *He*-cat, which in some part of England is called a *ram*-cat, and in Shropshire a *rup* cat. Then follow other wise critics, and last of all appears Mr. Thomas Warton, who brings a train of *authorities* on this important question, shewing *how* **GIB** is short for **Gilbert**, and **Tib** for **Tibert**; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horse, and *Tom* to a pigeon; *how* Chaucer, in his *Romaunt de la Rose*, mentions *Gibbe our Cat*, to which *Tib* was synonymous, as it is at this day; *how* we read in *Gammar Gurton's Needle* (which is a right pleasant, witty and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Master of Arts) viz. "Hath no man stolen her ducks, or gelded **GIBBE** her cat?" Upon which Mr. Warton very gravely observes, "the composition of a cat is almost characteristic, and *I know not*, (see Dr. Johnson's words above) whether there is not a superior *solemnity in the gravity of a HE-CAT*." Mr. Steevens says, "A *Gib* cat is a cat qualified for the *seraglio*, for all animals so mutilated become *drowsy* or *melancholy*." Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter of doubt whether *their own gravity* and that of their *brother-commentators* was in consequence of &c. &c. &c. (See Abul-Phiragi's great Babylonish chapter, "De Semiramide, Sapientibus ejus & Eunuchis, &c.") To be sure they do sympathize with Gammar Gurton, and her poor unfortunate *Gibbe-cat*. For my own part, I neither can, nor if I could would I, decide this momentous question; and will only add, (without being in the least *melancholy* or *grave* myself) in the words of an author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman muse, "*Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas.*"

Then
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Upton.

(i) Bo
what Dec
"Cookery.
Troilus a
Housewife
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And this i

Intr

Then lead your readers many a precious dance,

Cap'ring with Banks's *Bay Horse in a Trance* : 235

The *Housewife's Jewel* read with care exact,

Wit from old *Books of Cookery* (i) extract :

Thoughts

L. 233. OLD VICE was a personage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with a *part*, (and a very short part) of Mr. Upton's account of him. "Old Vice was a droll character in our old plays, accoutered with a long coat, a cap, a pair of asses ears, and a dagger of lath. This buffoon character was used *to make fun with the devil*, and he had several trite expressions, as, "I'll be with you in a trice---ah-hah, boy, are you there? &c." and this was *great entertainment* to the audience to see their *old enemy* so belaboured in effigy. Vice seems to be an abbreviation of *Vice-devil*, as *Vice-roy, Vice-doge, &c.* and THEREFORE called *very properly* THE VICE. He makes very free with his master, *like most other Vice-roys or Prime-ministers*, so THAT he is the devil's *Vice* or Prime-minister. And, (adds Mr. Upton) *this* it is which *makes him so saucy*." Extract from Mr. Upton's note on Rich. III. act. iii. sc. i. N. B. I make no doubt but the reader will observe the beautiful compliment to monarchy and aristocracy most *logically* deduced. This personage has been much patronized of late in France, where every species of VICE, old or new, is exercised and used *without any abbreviation*, to speak with Mr. Upton.

(i) *Books of Cookery*.—I am afraid that these extracts will prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, "*The sinful Suburbs of Cookery*." Mr. Collins, (in his *Potatoe-note*, at the end of *Troilus and Cressida*) extracts, without a blush, from the *Good Housewife's Jewel*, a receipt with all the ingredients AT FULL LENGTH, "*To make a tart that is a COURAGE to a man or woman*." And this is but a specimen.

Non more probò ; cum carmina *lumbum*

Intrans, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.

Thoughts to *stewed prunes* and *kissing comfits* suit,
Or the *potatoes*, (k) *vigour-stirring root*:

And

(k) The commentators on Shakespeare are peculiarly, and even zealously, studious in minutely explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts which the age of the *Virgin Queen* afforded or recommended for the service of the *Queen of Love* and soft desire. Whole pages are filled with venereal provocatives, with the power of *kissing comfits*, *stewed prunes*, the virtues of *potatoes*, *eringo-root*, &c. &c. Must these comments be stiled the "*Pauca suo Gallo quæ vel legat ipsa Lycoris?*" I sometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. These fair editors give all they can, nor let us dream the rest.

After a very long note on *stewed prunes*, by Mr. Steevens, * vol. v. p. 375, edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529, Edit. 1793, (which see,) *The Reverend Doctor Farmer* adds, very properly: "Mr. Steevens has so fully discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, "that one can add nothing but *the price*;" (Right:—*Hoc defuit unum FABRICIO*; Juv. S. 4.)—and therefore, adds the Reverend "DOCTOR, in a piece called *Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance*, 1595, "we have "a stock of wenches set up with their *stewed prunes*, "NINE for a tester." At other times these subjects are explained in the learned languages, (for the use of scholars) as in vol. iv. p. 211, edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. "*Urticæ marinæ omnes pruritum quendam movent, et acrimoniâ suâ VENEREM sopitam et extinctam excitant.*" Johnston. Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aq. p. 56. I protest I sometimes think these reverend or ir-reverend commentators are about to change sexes, or have done so, and set up for (what Milton in his apology for Smectymnus calls) "*Old Prelateffes* with all their young *Corin-*
thian

* Mr. Steevens, in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, seems to have had his scruples on the subject of these pious prunes, and virtuous bulbs; "Such, (says he) as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falstaff's "allusion to *stewed prunes*, should not be disgusted at a multitude of instances, &c. " &c. &c."—N. B. Some folks are very sagacious, and cry out first; but it wont do.

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S. p. 15
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And then returning from that antique waste, 240

Be hail'd by Parr, (1) THE GUIDE OF PUBLIC TASTE!

AUTHOR.

"*thian* Laity." I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of *The Reverend Doctor Farmer*, of Mr. Collins, (the potatoe-critic), &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the public four pages in 8vo. small print, on the astonishing virtues of POTATOES, a tempest of provocation, printed by themselves at the end of *Troilus and Cressida*. This useful note would have been placed with better grace at the end of "*Love's Labour Lost*."

(1) The Reverend Dr. Parr, in his dedication of "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian, &c." (reprinted in 1789) note 8. p. 150, has most kindly pointed out to such undiscerning persons as myself, that "*Malone, Reed, Farmer, and Tyrwhitt*, have come forward as THE GUIDES OF THE PUBLIC TASTE." To be sure he has added, "Mr. Steevens, the two Wartons, BURKE, and in his critical capacity, Dr. JOHNSON." But even in this latter part I must remark a strange coalition. To the names of Burke and Johnson who can place a third modern in the same rank? Of Mr. Steevens's classical erudition and ingenuity much might be said; yet all he has acknowledged as his own writing, consists of notes on Shakespeare. Every one must regret that the *History of English Poetry* was left unfinished by its lamented and learned author; and as to his brother Joseph's pleasant *Common-Place Book* on Pope, * it was always amusing to me. But when the title of *Guides of the Public Taste* is given to *Malone, Reid, Farmer, and Tyrwhitt*, who are note-makers alone by profession, I find myself constrained to look into my English Dictionary for the meaning of the words *guide* and *taste*.

I have selected this passage from the splendid dedication of these Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and strength, has not thought it unbecoming his character to

* Dr. Warton is about to publish a new Edition of Pope's Works in 8vo. I think it would be advisable to print a new Edition of them at the same time IN QUARTO, as it is very much wanted.

AUTHOR.

What?—must I enter the dramatic course;

Burst through the countless squadrons foot and horse?

All that for Massinger and Beaumont stickle, *fight*

But leave their authors in a wretched pickle; 245

plight

From

to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity of departed excellence; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate,* now in *full age* and *hoary holiness*. I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man? I trust Dr. Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to public notice tracts which their authors long wished to give over to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time, and in another place. I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct, by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's own words) "*from the lucky and lucid intervals between the paroxysms of (Dr. Parr's) polemic phrenzy; from all the laughable and all the loathsome singularities which float upon the surface of his, (Dr. Parr's) diction; nor can I hang with fondness and admiration over the crowded yet clear and luminous galaxies of imagery diffused through (Dr. Parr's) works, p. 151.*" &c. &c. But if I should quote any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English, and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is) "I'll be cursed if this is English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *first part* of my poem to Dr. Parr.—I refer my reader to the *Second Part*, in which the Doctor makes a more public and distinguished entry.

* Dr. HURD, Bishop of Worcester.

From CAPELL steal, yet never own the theft,

And then desert (*m*) him of his store bereft.

Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard !

CAPELL, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,

And may this feeble verse to life and light 250

Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.

Must I write notes, which all so piercing bright,

" Let in the object and let out the light ? "

D

For

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of these two lines.

(*n*) Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron* • of SHAKESPEARE.---This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated *his* edition of the Poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him *the Father of all legitimate Commentary on Shakspeare*. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damned* by those who, in the poet's own words,

" To his *unguarded* nest, like *weasel* critics,
Came *sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs."

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKESPEARE in 3 vols. 4to. was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth, that we had nothing to learn on the subject. *Indeed!* — I am pleased, however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-weave paper*, and *hot-pressed*.

• The ἡ Προσταύω.

Must I for Shakspeare no compassion feel, 381

For murder'd SHAKSPEARE no compassion feel, *not I*

Almost eat up by COMMENTATING (o) zeal? 255

On

(o) I hope the reader will not be displeased with a short observation on this subject.—SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April in 1616, on his birth-day. It was not until full seven years after his death that his plays were first collected and published together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, Hemminge and Condell. They likewise corrected a second edition in 1632. It may seem strange to us, but it is true, that no other edition of his works was attempted till eighty-two years after that time, when in the year 1714 a third edition was published by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any, corrections. Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have since that time given new editions: on their several merits this is not the place to speak. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, published a particular edition in four volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to. in Shakspeare's life-time or before the Restoration. It is printed *verbatim*, from the old copies, and is a most curious and valuable edition. Mr. Steevens asserts unequivocally, that "no proof can be given that the poet superintended the publication of any one of these himself." Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himself concerning the *genuine text* of this great poet? I am not speaking of *conjectural criticism*, and of an accurate revision of the punctuation, which is of real consequence, but of the *actual words* themselves, as written by Shakspeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in possession of the only MSS. which were extant at the very time when the plays were first acted; and it is probable that the *play-house manuscript* wholly

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On Avon's banks I heard ACTÆON (p) mourn,
 By fell ~~Black-Letter Dogs~~ in pieces torn;
 Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
 All well broke-in by *Coney-catching* (q) Art :
 Hark,

manuscript copy was the only one to which they could refer, and no MSS. whatsoever existed after their time. * Shakspeare appears wholly to have neglected or despised reputation in succeeding ages. It is for this age to amuse itself with schools and galleries, and without blame, in my opinion.

(p) Videre CANES; primusque *Melampus*,
Pamphagus et Dorceus, velox cum fratre *Lycisca*,
Ichnobatesque sagax, et villis *Asbolus* atris,
Nebrophetosque valens, et trux cum *Lelape Theron*,
Labros et *Agriodos*, et acutæ vocis *Hylactor*,
 Quosque referre mora est;—ea turba CUPIDINE PRÆDÆ,
 Qua via difficilis, quæque est via nulla, sequuntur.
 Heu famulos fugit IPSE SUOS: clamare libebat,
 ACTÆON Ego sum; DOMINUM cognoscite VESTRUM:
Vellet abesse quidem—sed ADEST. Ovid. *Metam.* lib. iii.

N. B. It is conceived that this canine metamorphosis of commentators will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English *black-letter* dogs, that upon the whole there is more harmony among them, (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I surely may be excused for this *caninity*, if Mr. Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that *Kóves* signify *Οἱ Ἰσχυεῖς*: though certainly the *Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's *Mythol.* vol. i. p. 329, &c.

(q) The singularity of this term (which is the only reason of my introducing it) called for my attention, as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the com-

*So tender to the Paphian notes they move,
 And seem as they were only born for love.
 Mark Johnson of 1795. 2d ed.*

Hark, JOHNSON(r) smacks his lash, loud sounds the din:
 Mounted in rear see STEEVENS *Whipper-in*,
 Rich with the spoils of learning's black domain,
 And guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain.

Lo!

commentators than "Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Ground-work of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Disputation between a He-Coney-catcher and a She-Coney-catcher*." As my poor library will not afford these valuable books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient art of coney-catching, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES." (Wint. Tale, a. 4. sc. 1.)—I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-catching* means the art of picking pockets; (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778)—except there is any pleasant allusion, by anticipation, to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor pockets cannot keep up with these rising demands upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding! I cry you mercy, my good Master Steevens; think of us poor poets.

(r) The reader must know enough of this *Hunt-man*, his green velvet cap, and brown brass-buttoned coat, his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not Jemmy Boswell's* fault if he does not.---This great man's comments on Shakspeare are never sullied and contaminated with minute explications of indecent passages:

He bears no token of those sable streams,

But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.

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 Stout GLOUCESTER(u) mark in *Pamphagus*(v) advance,
 Who never stood aghast in speechless trance ;

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(t) *Walter de Mapes* was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century, “ A decent Priest, where ‘monkies were the gods,’ and author of the divine ode, beginning :

“ Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori ;

Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,

Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,

Deus sit propiti'us huic Potatori.” &c.

(u) Stout Gloucester.---Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

(v) *Pamphagus*---signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at, and devours every thing digestible or indigestible. They who are acquainted with the *Divine Legation*, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite and the danger of hunting in the same field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

The sage *Ichnobates* (w) see TYRWHITT limp;
MALONE *Hylactor* (x) bounds, a clear-voic'd imp;

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(w) *Ichnobates* means a dog who tracks out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong scent; but would never suffer the huntsman to call him off, especially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Bristol*.—If I were again to metamorphose these hounds into men, I should lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and sagacity. "*Illum pro literato plerique laudandum duxerunt, quum ille naniis quibusdam anilibus occupatus inter Milesias Punicas APULEII SUI et ludicra literaria consenesce-*" ret." (Vid. *Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Constantium Augustum*;) I will however say, as to my own part, *Illum pro literato laudandum semper duxi*, but with a reserve as to the application of his learning. I wish this *Ichnobates* had been *utilium sagax rerum*.

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Nor can I pass *Lycisca* MONTAGUE, (*y*) 270

Her yelp though feeble, and her sandals *blue*;

Asbolus (*z*) HAWKINS, a grim shaggy hound,

In *Music* growls, and beats the bushes round; (*a*)

Then PORSON view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the shrewd, (*c*)

Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critic blood;

In

(*y*) See her Essay on Shakspeare, chiefly against the French critics. A very pretty Essay, and a great many very pretty things have been said about it, which I shall not contradict. "*Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis*," is a verse which has always filled a house with sincere admirers, *without any flattery*.

(*z*) *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

(*a*) *Beats the bushes round*.—Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of Musick.

(*b*) *Nebrophonos* signifies a dog that slays the fawns and deer; and so in truth it is:

Archdeacons, rats, and such small deer,

Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear says, "I'll take a word with this same LEARNED "THEBAN." My learned Master Richard Porson;—but he loves *no titles*! It would be better if he did.

(*c*).—Mr. Malone says, the word *shrewd* means *acute*, or *intelligent*; Mr. Steevens says, it is *bitter* or *severe*. Shakesp. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuse, or rather combine the terms.

(*d*) The reader may be surprised to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contrived to press Mr. Porson's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis into the service of Shakspeare; and by such ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be pressed into it? This is quite a sufficient excuse for me,

or

In *Theron's* (e) form, mark RITSON next contend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's (f) friend ;

Tom

or rather a full justification of my allusion to them. See *Tempest*, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. Edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens styles Mr. P. "an excellent scholar and a perspicacious critic;" in which I most cordially agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the schoolmaster, nor any other Doctor or Mister in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or express of him or his works. He neither gives nor takes.—But there is a something, as I have learned from Horace of great men, "*quod leno tormentum ingenio admovet plerumque duro.*"——I find the Archdeacon has re-published his work, and in my opinion has very wisely declined being led any more by Dick and the foul fiend "through fire, and through flame and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, and having knives laid under his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakness to print his work on a wire-wove paper and hot-pressed. Had I been the Archdeacon, I should have been contented with the hot-pressing by Mr. Porson—hot indeed, hissing-hot!—This controversy has no good end: learning is good, and theology is good; but there is something better, Η ΑΓΑΠΗ. There is also a writer who says, Καταναυχᾶται ΕΛΕΟΣ κρισεως. Is it not so, Mr. Professor?

(e) *Theron* signifies a dog of innate ferocity.

(f) Poor Tom Warton could have told a piteous tale, how his historic body was punched full of deadly holes by this literary Richard III. —Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in some ancient ditty, in a fit or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather strong. The Antiquaries—but they have spoken for themselves.* The Antiquarian Society is amiable and harmless, and from what I have seen, their publications resemble the subjects of them, ΝΕΚΡΩΝ ΑΜΕΝΗΗΝΑ καγια. Who could wish to disturb such repose?

* Nam possunt VITIO nigrum præfigere Theta.

Nor can I pass *Lycisca* MONTAGUE, (*y*) 270

Her yelp though feeble, and her sandals *blue*;

Asbolus (*z*) HAWKINS, a grim shaggy hound,

In *Music* growls, and beats the bushes round; (*a*)

Then PORSON view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the shrewd, (*c*)

Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critic blood;

In

(*y*) See her Essay on Shakspeare, chiefly against the French critics. A very pretty Essay, and a great many very pretty things have been said about it, which I shall not contradict. "*Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis*," is a verse which has always filled a house with sincere admirers, *without any flattery*.

(*z*) *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

(*a*) *Beats the bushes round*.—Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of Musick.

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* Nam possunt VITIO nigrum præfigere Theta.

Tom WARTON last, *Agriodos* (*g*) acute,

With *Labros* PERCY (*h*) barks in close pursuit :

Hot was the chace ; I left it out of breath ; 280

I wish'd not *to be in* at SHAKSPEARE's death.

E

O C.

(*g*) *Agriodos* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.---I always regret the loss of *Thomas Warton* : in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical.---Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyric) in his 2d Dissert. to the Hist. of E. P. that this divine Anacreon wrote also a Latin ode in favour of married priests, concluding with these *spirited* lines :

Ecce pro Clericis multum allegavi ;

Nec non pro Presbyteris multum comprobavi ;

Pater noster pro me quoniam peccavi,

Dicat quisque Presbyter cum sua SUAVI !

I quote this for *my own* sake, *quoniam peccavi*, and am inclined to hope that every *Presbyter cum sua SUAVI*, will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat !

(*h*) *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens* continually.---But I forget ---Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM aliquâ infirmitate laborare, anathema esto.---AND thus I take my leave of the WHOLE **black letter** KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours ; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great *Huntsman* who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap, and quarrel, and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut absentem certatim ACTEONA clament.*

OCTAVIUS.

Here pause (i) awhile ! with honest zeal oppress,
Indignant genius labours in thy breast :

May learning's favour'd sons accept the strain,

The dunce reject it, and the fool disdain. 285

*These yet awhile these honest labours close,
And leave indignant genius to repose.*

(i) "HÆC SAT ERIT, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse Poetam." So said Virgil, and so says my friend OCTAVIUS, to whose judgment I submit, and write this note in conclusion for the present, that I may offer and recommend to the consideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, sacred and profane, a sentence from SWIFT, which I could wish to see engraven in letters of gold as an everlasting admonition. It is this: "To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in fewer hands, than that of discerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE."

END OF PART THE FIRST.